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Youth

FEBRUARY 1967

SPECIAL DOUBLE ISSUE

WHO IS JIM RYUN? /
HOW FAST CAN MAN
RUN THE MILE? / IS
JONAH'S WHALE-TALE
BAIT FOR TODAY? /
WHEN IS A PERSON
REALLY EDUCATED?

It's me, Lord!

I've always thought that this is the time to enjoy life, to learn, to grow. I want to do what's right—and have fun! Mostly I get along well with people.

I like school, too, especially for the friends I make and what I learn about myself and the world. I work hard at my studies but I wish college weren't such a life-or-death pressure.

I respect excellence of any kind—such as JFF, Illya Kuryakin, Willie Mays, Albert Einstein, or a good teacher, a doctor, or a parent.

I follow the fads because everybody else does. Besides, it's what makes us different from grown-ups! I like my own kind of music—to listen, to sing, to dance, to dream, to be on the move—it depends on how I feel! And going shopping is great—it's fun picking out things on my own.

I waited a long time to get my driver's license and now I'm free to go places and be somebody.

I would like to date more, but I'm not always sure what's expected of me.

I believe in God—but I'm not certain what that means exactly.

I've got a healthy body—even though Mom gripes about my skipping meals and Dad says I don't get enough exercise.

I want what my parents want me to want—most of the time, but when we disagree, the neighbors know it!

Basically, I like it here—the world isn't so bad and it will be even better tomorrow. It's fast-moving, competitive, modern and warlike with lots to be done and not much time to do it in. But I don't get too much excited about what's going on outside my own little circle, for what can I do? I'm just one person. Also, it's not like at college where your parents aren't around. Anyway, when I do get excited enough to do something, either nobody really listens or everybody ridicules my “teen-age rebellion.” So why fight it? The world offers us a lot of security and opportunities for the future, even though it also leaves us many problems.

And right now, I'm my own biggest problem.

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But is this really me?

Why am I restless with what I am? Is it me, or is it the world around me, or is it something bigger than all of us?

Why does my youthfulness cause me to be unsure? Is it because I'm too young in experience yet to be certain, or is it because my very youth helps me to see things afresh, or is it because the world itself is not sure, or is it the frustration of all of these at work at the same time?

Why do I fear getting along with people—especially with certain ones I care a lot about? Is it that I'm not sure I'm acceptable, or is it that I'm afraid to risk losing the friendship of someone who means something to me, or is it that I'm not quite sure what friendship really is?

Why am I uncomfortable deep down when I see injustice done and do nothing about it? Am I a coward, or wasn't it really injustice after all, or is the world phony and it doesn't care and I'm becoming phony, too?

Why do people wish to silence all voices which oppose their own position? Is it because they're really not sure their own position is strong enough to stand up to question, or is it that they—unconsciously suspecting that the opposition may be correct—are too insecure to change, or are they so committed that they really believe no one else can be right, or do they think that the opposition is so ruthless that no give-and-take is possible?

Why do men justify hating, exploiting—and even killing—of other men? Is it that man knows no better, or is it that man does not care enough to change his ways, or is it that man has been given more credit than he's due?

My questions are many and more. I grow confused.

Who are we, Lord?

I want to be human, as I feel we are intended to be. But that can mean many things to many people. For me, to be human is to believe enough in one's own ability to reach for the unknown, to be open to new truth, and never to be fully satisfied with what is. To be human is to know that no man knows all things, that every man needs to learn more, that each man learns best in an atmosphere of mutual respect, and that each is limited by what he doesn't know.

To be human is to know oneself best in the giving of self in a serving, trusting, caring relationship with others—as a group or as individuals.

To be human is to be different enough from every other being to be “me” and “you” and yet to be enough like each other to be one.

To be human is to enjoy life without disrespecting the full humanity of another person and yet celebrating all that makes each of us human.

To be human is to have confidence in the purpose of all creation—even when lack of knowledge seems to blur the Creator's intent. To be human is to know, to believe, to hope, to love, to enjoy.

Is this the way, God?



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EDITOR'S NOTE: In a major effort to get our magazine back on production schedule, the two biweekly issues of YOUTH normally scheduled for February have been combined into one issue for this month only. We sincerely apologize for the delay of delivery of recent issues. And we hope that this inconvenience will cease with the first issue of YOUTH in March.

Running free . . .

Lonely is the country road in the early morning hours. And lonely are the hours which an athlete spends in training and conditioning his body and mind for a better season. Whether in the dawn of morning or the dusk of evening, whether in winter or spring, in California or Kansas, the daily discipline never ceases. The practice course may follow over congested streets, along picket fences, under palm trees, past picturesque shops, through a public park, or in the open country. It all leads to a chance for higher achievement.

Photos by Rich Clarkson . . .



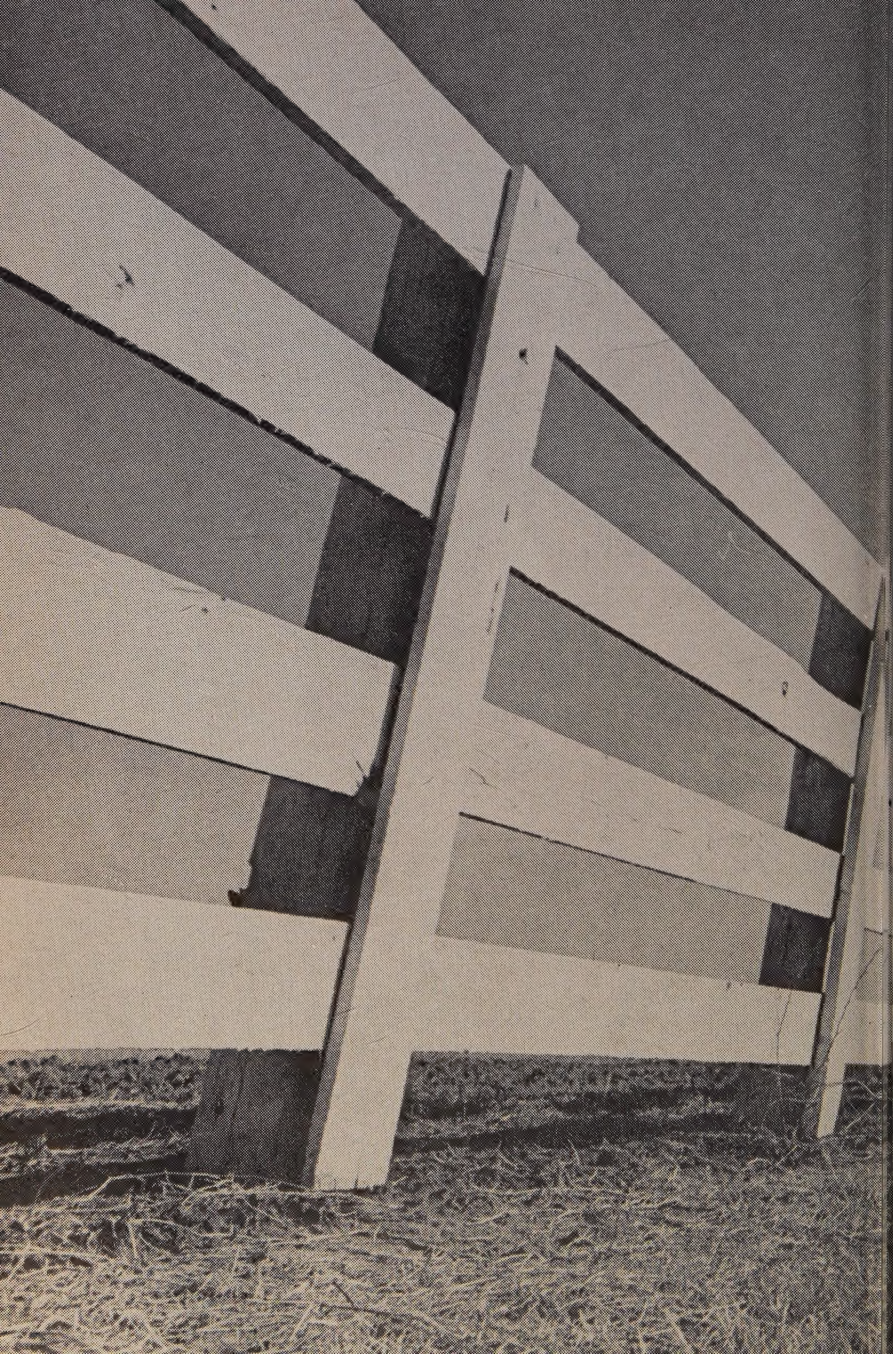


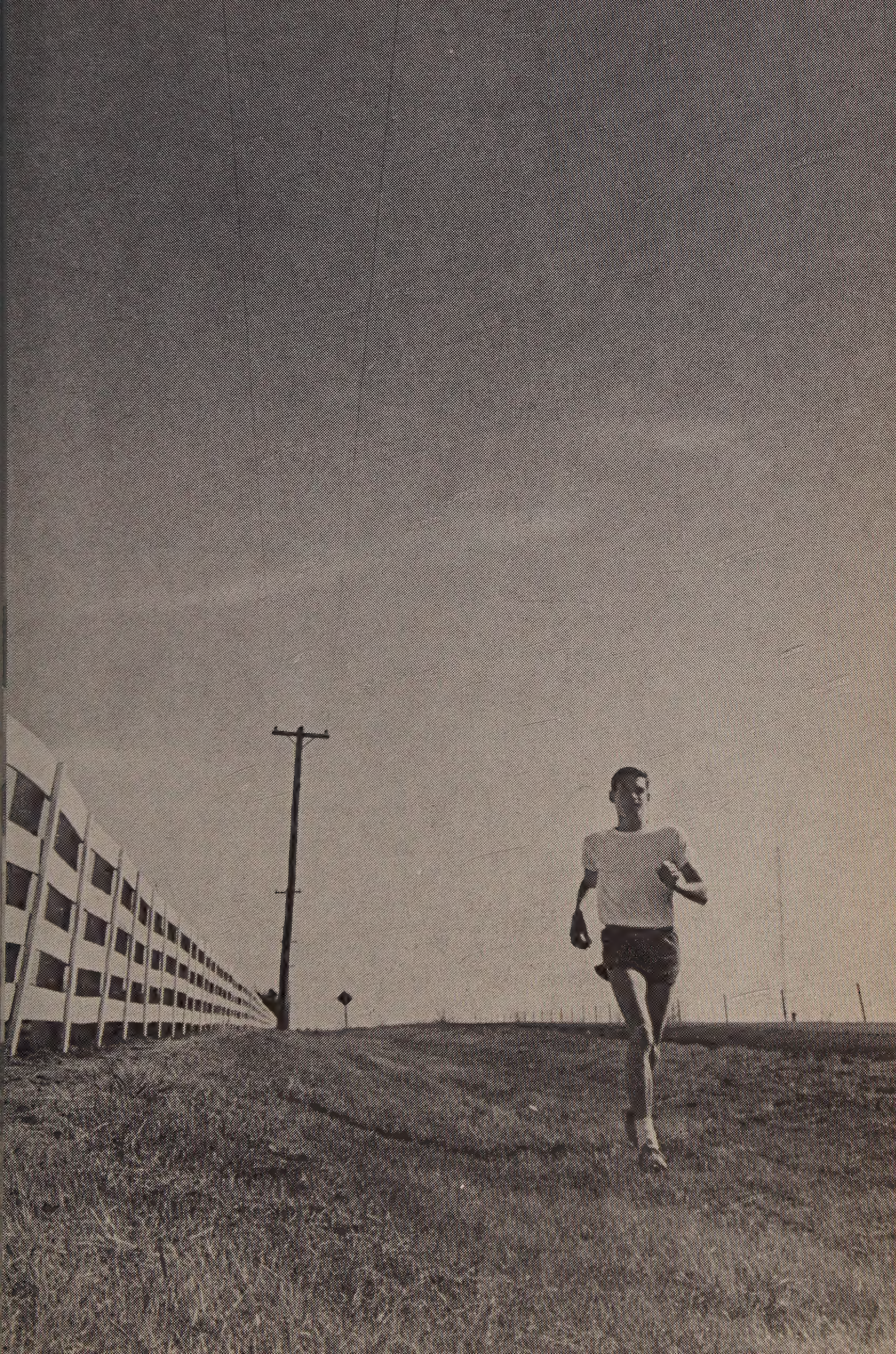
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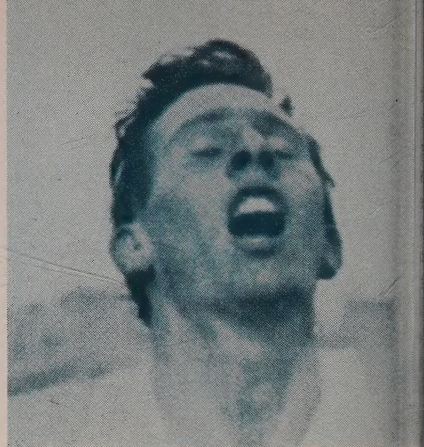
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La Petite
Chopin









THE PUNISHMENT OF THE LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER

BY ROGER BANNISTER / The recent spate of track-record breaking, highlighted by 19-year-old Jim Ryun's new world record for the mile, has provoked the usual amazement. How do athletes train themselves for such prodigious efforts? Is there a limit to the speed at which men can run? How much of the effort is physical and how much mental?

I have always taken the view that athletic barriers, like the four-minute mile, are largely psychological and I remember predicting the rash of sub-four-minute miles after my own record in 1954. But I like to think that a four-minute mile is still an effort that makes today's super-athletes slightly breathless. At the time, I said: "*Après moi, le déluge.*" . . .

Will power vs. physique / The longer the distance an athlete runs, the more important is will power and

less important is physique. Let us illustrate this. In the 1952 Olympic games, Emil Zatopek, the Czechoslovak "Iron Man" who set the modern hard-training fashion, was running in his first marathon race, having already won the 5000-meter and the 10,000-meter Olympic titles. The favorite for the marathon was a very experienced English runner, Jim Peters. Zatopek kept at Peters' shoulder for the first ten miles. He then turned to Peters and said in halting English, "Excuse me, Peters, but I have not run a marathon before. Surely we ought to be running faster than this." Peters struggled on for a mile and then collapsed completely. The factors which limit speed of running differ with each athletic event and so the types of training needed to extend these limits also differ. The sprinter's speed depends on fast reaction time and innate speed of muscular movement, a quality that can be only slightly improved by training. This is the reason for the relative rarity of record-breaking in sprint events. Charlie Paddock ran 100 meters in 10.2 seconds in 1921 and the world record is now only 0.2 seconds faster. Over the same period of time, the mile record has fallen by some 15 seconds and the three-mile record by more than a minute.

the oxygen debt" / The reason for the greater improvement in distance events lies in the effect of training on the body's capacity to transport oxygen from the air to the muscles. Training avoids the need for external oxygen until the race is over by making use of the mechanisms described by doctors as "the oxygen

debt," which cannot be increased by training—although the athlete with great will power can tolerate a larger debt. The oxygen debt means the release of oxygen by the breaking down of energy-rich substances in the blood and muscles. The oxygen is provided at the cost of the production of a harmful substance, lactic acid. In large quantities, this substance causes the muscle pains and mental symptoms of severe fatigue. The lactic acid is gradually removed by oxidation after the exercise, during the phase of "breathlessness."

The greatest oxygen debts which athletes can tolerate are of the order of 20 liters of oxygen. This is more than enough to supply the energy for sprinting 100 yards, but it is of only slight importance in a marathon.

Stretching oxygen uptake / However, the current uptake of oxygen by breathing air from the lungs and transporting it to the muscles can be "stretched" in a number of ways. The volume of the lungs increases with training and the membrane across which the oxygen diffuses probably becomes thinner. The heart becomes larger so that at each beat more blood—hence more oxygen—is pumped to the muscles. Finally, the muscles themselves become better able to abstract oxygen from the blood.

In the mile, half the energy comes from the oxygen debt and the remainder from the transport of oxygen by the heart and lungs during the race. It is the current uptake of oxygen during exercise, with the more efficient use of the oxygen provided, which is therefore responsible for the improvement in middle and distance records over the last few years.



What's the ultimate in miling?

Four minutes was only a mile-store with the magical ring of a round number on the road to an absolute physiological limit. For athletes they are now built, this limit must be about three and a half minutes. Automatically, runners never reach the absolute limit, though they will approach it ever more closely. One could hazard similar theoretical limits based on medical calculations of oxygen uptake and oxygen debt, for distance races.

New training technique / The last decade has seen the introduction of a new training technique to revolutionize previous concepts of the limits of oxygen uptake and use. Originated in Sweden before the war, it was called "Fartlet" or "speed play." It consists of running different distances from 100 yards to a mile at about three-quarters effort. A short period of time is allowed for partial recovery and then the effort is repeated sometimes as many as ten times.

The aim is to impose on the athlete the stress of oxygen lack repetitively and in this way increase the efficiency of the oxygen-transporting processes involving both heart and lungs. The better the athlete and the tougher his coach, the more of this training he can tolerate. Just to make things more difficult, Zatopek did his training in heavy army boots. Runners everywhere, without Zatopek's strength, gave themselves blisters and muscle strains trying to imitate him.

Single-minded dedication / On average, Jim Ryun spent up to three hours daily in training of this kind. Sometimes he ran more gently before school in the morning, leaving

highest session to the late afternoon. Obviously this kind of training requires a single-minded dedication, even ruthlessness, that few athletes possess. A few years ago, this grueling schedule was applied only in a mild form to schoolboy athletes because of the fear of heart strain and other ills. We need not have worried, because the stress is repetitive, like the play of a child. The athlete can come to little physical harm, though he may, if the schedule is badly applied, become bored.

Starting young to train / Recently, as the average age of record breakers has fallen, I have realized that another factor is at work. If "interval" training is started when the athlete is young enough (Ryun started at 16), the body can be "stretched" physiologically and anatomically to a degree that is impossible if the training starts after maturity when growth has ceased. This trend toward younger record breakers was first seen with 13-year-old swimmers whose lives under a Svengali-like coach consisted of little other than swimming. Perhaps many adolescents are sufficiently impressionable to believe that sport can be important enough to make this sacrifice worthwhile.

Will athletes eventually train for eight hours a day, virtually becoming training machines primed by food and drink, occasionally allowed to rest? For 5000 meters, 10,000 meters and marathon runners, I predict that such schedules will eventually be devised, but I have still to be convinced that training of such severity is necessary for miling. Great though the margin of miling improvement has been in the last 12 years (nearly eight sec-

onds), this improvement seems to me a rather poor return on a sixfold increase in the length of daily training. The optimum training for a miler may well be a judicious hour a day.

Will the amateur disappear? / Even so, I am saddened by the thought that the place of the genuine amateur who earns a living in full-time employment elsewhere is bound to be less important in international athletics of the future. To put this another way, if I were a medical student today, I doubt if the cost of training, in terms of sacrifice of other pursuits, would attract me now to such serious athletics.

Hazards of the marathon / It is well known that the marathon represents the acme of athletic heroism. Here the athlete faces certain special hazards. During the course of a six-mile race or marathon, especially with temperatures in the mid-80's, the runner's muscles may generate more heat than the athlete can dissipate. In spite of profuse sweating, the body temperature may rise to 105 degrees, the level of a malarial fever—just short of the point at which heat stroke occurs. If the athlete has some trivial infection or if he fails to take enough salt and water, his sweating may fail and within minutes he will collapse. . . .

Olympic fever in Mexico City / The astonishing choice of Mexico City for the next Olympic Games in 1968 has introduced a new problem in distance training. At 7500 feet there is nearly 25 per cent less oxygen in the atmosphere, and as we have seen, performance is limited by the transport of oxygen. I do not agree with

the remark attributed to the Finnish coach Onni Miskanen that "there will be those that will die," but altitude could be the critical additional factors leading to collapse under special circumstances.

There may be some athletes with heart abnormalities not previously detected, athletes with incipient infections or athletes who have simply not acclimated. Under conditions of Olympic competition, the mind sometimes drives the body too hard and the normal protective mechanisms of fatigue fail to operate. No instances of actual collapse have been reported from research teams investigating the problem, but of course the true stresses of Olympic competition cannot be reproduced. The conclusion I draw is that some risk does exist and, however small, it represents a powerful argument for never holding distance events at high altitude.

Altitude training helps / However, one incidental result of the decision to hold the Olympic Games in Mexico City has been the introduction of idea of altitude training in order to improve the performance of athletes running either at high altitudes or at sea level. Many of us had thought it a rather strange coincidence that the only athlete who has won the marathon with ease in successive Olympic Games is an Ethiopian, Bikile Abebe, who lives and trains at about 7000 feet above sea level. The point was reinforced recently when an unknown Kenyan runner, Nestali Temu, who like Kipchoge Keino lives and trains at 6000 feet, defeated the Australian world-record holder Ron Clarke over six miles in the Commonwealth Games at sea level in Kingston, Ja-

maica. After a moment's thought the implications are obvious. Performance is limited by the capacity to transport oxygen. Living and training at an altitude where there is less oxygen imposes a strain on oxygen-transport mechanisms that provokes an adaptive response and increases the athlete's efficiency. Already, several countries, with Mexico City particularly in mind, have established permanent training camps at high altitudes. I am worried that other countries, with more ruthless coaches, may well attempt to use low-pressure chambers in order to acclimate "train" athletes artificially.

How far have we come from transport? It would indeed be laughable if it were not so tragic. A pious rumour from the International Olympic Committee limiting the length of altitude training to four weeks in the three months preceding the Olympic Games is a tacit admission of the blunder of holding the games at such an altitude and a recognition of the way in which athletes of the future will train. . . .

Why this revolution in sports? All the changes in athletic training and performance in recent years seem to me to be part of a revolution in sport which has its explanation in individual and group psychology. Record breakers are athletes born with exceptional physical and mental qualities—freaks, in the complimentary sense. How else can we describe the capacity for mental excitement which brings with it the ability to overcome the discomfort, often pain, of extreme effort and to turn defeat into victory? One great athlete was

ined himself mercilessly was Paavo
rmi. With some insight into the
ychological mechanisms underlying
h feats, he made the bleak remark,
only a poor man may run fast."

Only through considerable self-con-
fidence and stoicism can the great
lete seem to bear lightly and with
od humor the intolerable burden of
ing the favorite for a major race,
is this situation which Jim Ryun
d now face. I can remember well
weeks before I raced against John
ndy in Vancouver, when I felt that
e eyes of the world were on us. My
n experience was suddenly
etched to the limits of what was
derable. At this time, I discovered
out myself both unsuspected weak-
esses and also secret strength. A
tballer's triumph or defeat is
red with other players, but the
lete must always stand alone. It
is no comfort for me to reflect that
n have faced greater trials or that
ould all be the same in 100 years.
me, as for other athletes, the race
all-important, immediate and irre-
able. . . .

n's new craving for freedom /
n enjoys struggling to get the best
of himself. At one time the need
adventure may have been satisfied
the struggle for survival. Now,
ing conquered so many of the
atural hazards facing him, man seeks
her trials. . . . I believe that ath-
es, not necessarily at the interna-
al level, provides an outlet for the
ving for freedom which has be-
ne more important the more re-
cted, artificial and mechanized our
society and work have become.

I think these psychological facts
e provided the motive force be-

hind the world-wide athletic revolu-
tion during the past decade. They
have led to an enthusiasm for train-
ing for athletics without which no
official encouragement or state inter-
ference would have had much effect.

For the masses, not the few / Great
athletic potential, like other unusual
hereditary qualities, good or bad, oc-
curs only in a small percentage of the
population, perhaps less than one per
cent. Today, because athletic compe-
tition is universal in more and more
schools, these oddities are uncovered
by a new variant of the law of na-
tural selection. . . . So sport, at one
time the privilege of the few and the
wealthy, has become the prerogative
of the masses. That this should be
so, and that for many the love of
training, of varying severity, is better
than mere watching, is necessary if
our modern mechanized societies are
to remain sane. Record breaking and
yet stiffer training schedules will con-
tinue to be an expression of this so-
cial trend. ▼

ROGER BANNISTER, the first man to run a mile
in under four minutes, is today a well-known phy-
sician. Author of *Four-Minute Mile*, he wrote the
article for *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*,
from which the above excerpts are taken. Permis-
sion for reprinting has been granted by both the
magazine and Mr. Bannister. © 1966 by The New
York Times Company.

UPI Photo







JIM RYUN THE MAN BEHIND THE RECORDS

BY HERMAN AHRENS / When 19-year-old Jim Ryun ran the world's fastest mile last summer, questions began to fly. How much faster can he run the mile before he reaches his peak? How soon will he break the present psychological sub-3:50-mile barrier? Is he destined to be the greatest middle-distance runner of our time? Or will early success cut short the young athlete's potential for track greatness?

To watch this tall, slender, unassuming sophomore walk across the campus at the University of Kansas, you'd never imagine that this lad was named "Sportsman of the Year" by *Sports Illustrated*, and won the James E. Sullivan Award as the outstanding amateur athlete of 1966. In addition to his running the world-record mile of 3:51.3 at Berkeley, Calif., on July 17, 1966, his achievements last year included breaking U. S. track records for distances of 800 meters, 880 yards, 1500 meters, two miles, and he has a world half-mile record (1:44.9) pending. Most experts feel that he has not nearly begun to reach his potential. ►

Distance runners usually hit their peak in their mid-twenties. At 19, Jim Ryun is a champion. What next?

All photos by Rich Clarkson

You get the impression he doesn't realize how fast he is

But Jim would be the first to play it all down—not out of a lack of confidence in himself but out of a sincere personal uneasiness with all the fuss that everybody is making over his achievements.

His humility is genuine. Typical is the story friends tell of the regional meet in May 1963 when he finished second with a time of 4:08.2 for the mile and came back one hour and 45 minutes later to run the half mile in 1:54.5—the best double of its kind ever run by a high-school boy in the country. And he lost both events to college runners. When Jim got home that night, the house was dark, so he went to bed. The next morning his mother asked how he'd done. "Oh," he said, "I finished second and fifth."

"That's all right, dear," his mother said. "You'll do better the next time."

"Jim's so modest," his father recalls, "that Coach Timmons had to tell him that it wouldn't be out of place if he told us he was doing pretty well."

And it's still true four years later.

A yawn before a high school meet in 1964 hides the pressure building up within Jim Ryun.



"You get the impression," Coach Bob Timmons said last month, "that Jim still doesn't realize how fast he is. He is amazed when youngsters look up to him."

Realizing that Jim Ryun is already becoming a model for younger track hopefuls, YOUTH asked him in an interview how he would counsel the average boy in high school on whether or not he's got what it takes for distance running.

"That's a very difficult question," Jim Ryun replied thoughtfully, "because even I didn't feel like I was anything exceptional talent-wise until after I had made the Olympic team. When I knew there were possibilities, but I still wasn't over-confident. And I still lack confidence now, having been some of my races during the year. Many times I turned around and looked at my opposition, trying to figure out what was going on."

"I think the only way you can really tell if a boy in high school has got potential on the track is by the times that he's running. We have a sophomore in a Wichita high school now who ran the mile in 4.17, which is a very fine mile for a sophomore in Kansas. From indications like this you know he's got potential and talent. But if a person's working hard and his times don't improve, then I'd say he'd better go to another event."

Are there any particular characteristics that make a successful middle-distance runner?

"There are many, many body types among trackmen," observes this young champion, who is 6' 2", 160 pounds. The most important thing is a person's determination and desire to do



Trumpets sound as Ryun marches into the coliseum before his record run.

well in track. It's the mental discipline. If you think right and make your mind up to it, the physical part is second. It might sound funny, but it's that way for me."

For athletes in high school, what is involved in getting themselves ready for top track performance?

"The biggest thing is practice and training. Fortunately, when I started out in high school, I had a very tough coach. This was the biggest thing for me, because we worked on a very high competitive level in practice. We did as much, if not more, work than many major colleges."

"You say 'we'."

"Yes, our whole team. I was not an exception. I was way back in the field in my first year and I was trying to make the team. But the big thing was the work we did. We do an awful lot of mileage in our high school as compared to other high schools. When we were psychologically up, nobody came close to us, whether it was cross country or track. The record of track in our school has been quite good in the last 20 or 30 years simply because the coaches there have worked the boys hard, with a lot of repeats, a lot of over-distance, or just an awful lot of mileage for our distance runners. Our sprinters have done well, too."

"Is this to build up endurance?"

"Everything. It builds endurance, strength, and confidence. It makes you tougher."

And every day for four years, sheer hard work and determination have toughened Jim Ryun from a schoolboy prospect to a mature athlete. He's up early every morning to run 6 to 8 miles before school and a repeat after school, sometimes doing 70 to 100 miles a week. So hard does he work in training during the week that a competitive mile on the weekend is often a pleasure walk by comparison.

He rejects the idea that training and competition are a kind of self-torture. Running the mile is still basically fun. "Too much is made of the pain stuff," Ryun was quoted as saying by *Sports Illustrated*. "Running doesn't hurt that much. I've tried to explain to people that there is more satisfaction than pain in a hard workout, but I guess too many of them can't understand that work can be satisfying. If running hurt as much as people seem to think it does, I wouldn't go out on the track in the first place."

James Ronald Ryun, his older brother, and his younger sister have grown up in a modest, friendly but firm family atmosphere. His father, Gerardo, works at Wichita's Boeing plant and his mother works part-time as a clerk for Sears. They are devout members of the Church of Christ, a fundamentalist denomination that believes in a strict interpretation of the New Testament. The church does not permit dancing, smoking or drinking. In its service of worship, congregational singing is done without musical accompaniment. Jim is faithful in his attendance at Sunday and Wednesday evening services.

Strategy is plotted (top) as
and star discuss forthcoming
Jim's parents (below) see him
one of his trips to a track



A tough coach and hard training gave him a good start





Discipline of faith can aid in the discipline of an athlete

When asked by YOUTH if he found it difficult being a practicing Christian in today's world, he thought a moment before answering.

"I think so, yes. But I don't profess to be a great Christian, for there are those many little things—once in a while—that you do and that you regret you haven't done. But I think this is true in anybody's life. It's just part of growing up. But you're always striving to do better. The most difficult is doing all of the things you're supposed to do and doing them well. There's no problem with smoking, drinking, or dancing. As for swearing, every once in a while when you get in a crowd and somebody starts in, you've got to watch it!"

"But you do associate with people who smoke, drink, dance?" he was asked.

"It's difficult not to, because most of the people do. I just accept it. If they're going to smoke or drink, there's not much you can do about it."

"Do they accept you in these situations?"

"Yes. They don't give me a hard time because it doesn't do any good."

"Do you find the strictness of your faith interfering with your athletic career?"

"No, I think they correspond very well. In running, I think you are close to God. While practicing every day, you're out on the roads where you see the beauty of nature, and things like that. Also, there's a certain amount of discipline with faith, as there is with track. Like I say, because of your faith, you're concerned about the crowd around you and you're always

triving to do better. In track, you've got to compete and you've got to work at it every day."

"Having a good religious background has led me to believe that running isn't everything in the world," Jim says. And so he tries to keep it all in perspective.

Although he hasn't decided on a vocation yet, coaching track seems to be most tempting at present. But his interest and skill in his part-time job as a photographer with the Topeka *Capital-Journal* has kept photo-journalism still in the running (see pages 26 and 27).

But right now the question he's most often asked is: "How fast do you think you can run?" To which he usually answers, "I really can't say, because I don't know. But I'm going to keep trying to improve and compete as well as I can."

But those who know Jim Rvun well say that he has his own goals. In high school, Bob Timmons—who has coached Jim both in high school and in college—had a goal system which required his runners to state their goals publicly before the rest of the team. Jim's junior goal was 4:02.2, but in the Compton Relays that year he beat that goal with a 3:59.0 time—the first sub-four-minute mile ever run by a high school boy. Now his goals are a private affair. And most experts speculate he's aiming for a sub-3:50 mile. And they say he'll make it.

What's the most ideal situation for a record-breaking race?

"I'd say a situation such as existed at Berkeley where very few people knew about it and there was little pressure on you," Jim replies. "Secondly,

tries not to let his fame interfere with regular church attendance (top) and his full schedule of classes at the University of Kansas (below).



it helps if your competitors are also interested in running a fast time. At Berkeley all of us wanted to run our best time and so we all got together and did our best. Also, the timers were around the track letting you know clearly over the P.A. system what your lap times were and what your splits were. And, of course, the weather and the condition of the track—exactly as it was at Berkeley—all add up to the ideal situation.”

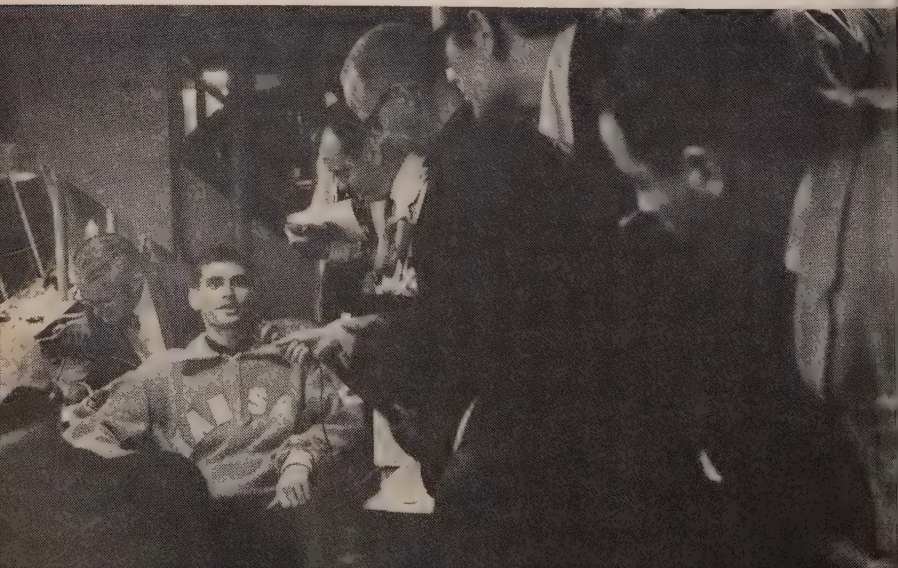
How did the smallness of the crowd at Berkeley help?

“People are always expecting records broken everytime you run. And when you don’t come through, they become down on you. They don’t seem to take into account that man is not a machine and that he can’t be expected to give a superior performance every time out.

“I personally can get very excited over a race, even if it’s not fast—if it’s a tactical race, which the crowds often don’t appreciate at all. The spectators become angry and boo the athletes. And the next day the newspapers say somebody failed. In a tactical race, the times are not fast. The runners are just staying back on the other guy, waiting for the right time to make a move, or someone will go out fast in front. It’s more of a cat-and-mouse game. You’re competing against every other athlete instead of just against time.”

A friend of Jim Ryun recently observed: “Jim has matured a lot in the last year. His coach feels that ever since he came in third to Australia’s Peter Snell last spring, Jim has realized he can beat Snell (which he did a few weeks later) and that he can be in the same class as other world com-

Crowds demand a record-breaker every race, and it's impossible



petitors. This has given him the kind of confidence that makes a young boy grow up and mature quickly into a young man. He now has confidence not only in his running ability but in his manner of behavior and his ability to answer questions."

Jim enjoys the running part and the competition, but all the things that go with it aren't always as enjoyable. The pressures are many. Track promoters—knowing that he's the hottest property right now and that his presence at their meet would insure its financial success—deluge him with invitations. And as is normal with any celebrity, there are reporters, TV cameramen, banquet invitations, bags of fan mail, annoying telephone calls, and everywhere he goes, autograph hounds. Privacy is harder to find.

But he's also a student and a human being. When you practice everyday for several hours in the early morning and late afternoon, time is scarce for studying—he holds a "B" average in college and was an "A" student in high school. And he'd like to have time for social life as well, although his fame makes normal dating difficult, both for the girl and himself. And as his track successes mount, he must continually fight against the threat of over-confidence, overwork, boredom, and loss of desire.

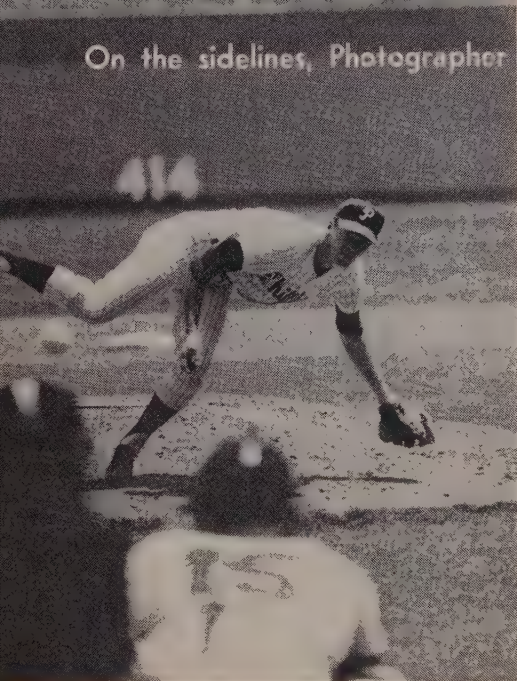
Now that the world has learned of his potential, Jim Ryun is marked as the man who can achieve unparalleled track greatness. And he is also the man to beat. ▼

problem of fame is the
usual probing into
life.

Are the long hours of
training worth it? Yes,
says Jim Ryun.



On the sidelines, Photographer Jim Ryun catches life in action



Jim Ryun first became interested in photography in the summer of 1965 when he was loaned a Nikon camera by the Topeka Capital-Journal to take photos on his trip to Russia for the annual dual track meet. He was given two lessons and ten rolls of color film. His pictures were so good that the newspaper ran a layout of them. Jim's been working for them off and on ever since. His photos reflect some of his assignments—catching the follow through of Pitcher Jim Bunning in the 1966 All-Star game in St. Louis, a Topeka boy giving his dog a bath, excited Little League mothers, and a key basketball play. Whether or not photojournalism becomes his career, Jim Ryun has two qualifications Alfred Eisenstaedt once said every photographer needs: "good strong legs and endurance."



film . . .



i would learn of this power . . .

Suppose for the moment that the universe is one big coincidence;
the accidental meeting in space of two or three or
four gases, combining and reacting
and starting the process of forming the earth and the stars.

Suppose too that man is coincidence;
the accidental combination of gases resulting in that
remarkable unit, the living cell,
evolving over the centuries
into the complex multi-cellular human form.

Pursue this pattern of coincidence
to account for all existence, and explain to me
joy, despair, rapture, aspiration:
in the tingling that floods through me
in response to a sometimes unknown stimulus.

Tell me about the accidental putting together
of isolated sounds
to make the miracle of music.

Assure me that the soul's song in the presence of beauty
is only the action and reaction
of muscles and nerves.

Explain to me the scientific phenomena
underlying that amazing power that causes men
to do incredible things for the sake of another,
the power and fact called Love.

I would learn of this power,
for without it each man is no more

capable of perceiving in his brief hour
 that the ages grind relentlessly along for naught.
 Is love another scientific coincidence,
 mixtures or proteins or atoms or genes
 combining accidentally to yield certain psychic reactions?
 Suppose that it springs from some unexplainable seed
 sown in us by the Creator of life,
 bringing purpose to the passing of the generations,
 giving meaning to each flicker of existence
 so that it joins with all the others to lift the whole of life.
 Suppose too that the universe, and human existence with it,
 is not coincidence, but planned;
 designed for the purpose of glorifying and testifying
 to the marvelous presence of God.
 Pursue this possibility and see your life
 conceived from the love of God
 through the love of man and woman.
 Tell me what there is in life besides this love
 that fills your days with joy,
 and leaves you when you turn from its light
 to the darkness of despair and aimlessness.
 Explain to me the enormous joke of your life,
 and all human endeavor
 without the underlying fact of that love;
 tell me the purpose of life without God.



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts
Art by Charles Newton



dialogue on jonah ▶

A dialogue by Willard Dulabaum and Kenneth Miller /

Reader I: Is there anyone here named Jonah?

I wonder how many Jonahs are here?

You see, depending upon how you interpret this book in the Bible, Jonah may be more than just the name of one person.

Reader II: I remember reading recently that the story of Jonah is more than just the story of a man. It's a kind of **parable** of the nation Israel which, like Jonah, had become narrow and exclusive. Like Jonah, Israel wanted to "run away" from her calling to the world.

Reader I: You see, the old Israel in the Bible was simply the band of people whom God chose to be his missionaries on earth . . . his workers, to help him reach all people. Well . . .

the church today has inherited this same continuing task . . .
as a sort of "new Israel."

God calls us to be what he wanted Israel in the Bible to do . . .
to be at work in the world.

So . . . the story of Jonah talks about us too . . .
and how we act in response to God's call.

Reader II: Carrying on with this idea, then—

it's safe to say that the story of Jonah is potentially the story of every man.

It can be your story and mine . . .

whenever we find ourselves evading God's word for our lives . . .
or disobeying . . . or running away!

Reader I: You do recall the story of Jonah, don't you?

It's a whale of a tale!

But you miss the whole point if you don't see beyond the fish.

I see you have your Revised, Paraphrased, Summarized Version with you.
Let's hear about this old draft-dodger.

Reader II: One day God said to Jonah:

"Take off for the big city of Nineveh . . .

And give them the word . . .

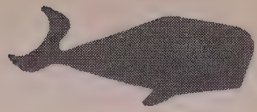
for their great wickedness has come to my attention."

God had a job for Jonah to do . . .

to carry a message out to that very ungodly and worldly place . . .
Nineveh.

Reader I: And our point is—

Just as God called Jonah and Israel—



So he calls us . . . you and
me . . . and our churches.

He's got a job for us to do as his
messengers in the world.

Reader II: But Jonah got up and
ran in the opposite direction—
away from the place God told
him to go.

He went to the port of Joppa where
he found a ship weighing anchor for
Tarshish . . .

Away from God's mission . . .
Away from God's presence
. . . (or so he thought!)

Reader I: How many Jonahs did
we say were here?

More than you thought, I'm afraid!

For we run away from mission.

There's no one here who has never
run in the opposite direction from
what we know to be God's will and
purpose . . .

And the governing board of Real
Pleasant Church doesn't have a per-
fect record, either.

Reader II: When a storm came
up, the sailors hit the panic button.
They must have panicked . . .

because they began to **pray**—
each to his own God!

They heaved the cargo overboard to
lighten the ship.

Meanwhile . . . below . . . Jonah was
sacked out in the hold.

So the skipper came down and shook
him by the shoulders and said,

"What's with you, sleeping ▶
beauty?"

**Jonah figured God
wrong; do we make
the same mistake?**



Photo by David Spilver

Get up and lead us in a word of prayer—
or we'll all be dead by morning!"

Up on the bridge—

the officers concluded that the storm was sent as a punishment for
someone's bad behavior.

One of the petty officers remembered Jonah mumbling something about
running away from God . . .

So Jonah became the prime suspect.

Reader I: Yeah, I remember

They brought him topside and put him through a cross examination:

What do you do for a living?

Where do you live?

Who are your people?

Reader II: And he told them:

"I'm a Jew . . . a worshipper of the God who made both the seas and
the dry land."

Then the sailors were really shook . . .

and the only solution seemed to be—

"Get rid of Jonah!"—

because they thought his God was angry!

So they hauled him to . . .

and heaved him over the rail . . .

and the sea grew calm.

Reader I: They must have had the right man!

Reader II: And the Lord sent a whale . . .

Would you believe . . . a big fish? . . .

to swallow the wallowing wanderer . . .

and he sloshed around in the guts of the overgrown guppy
for three days and nights.

Reader I: If you see in the story of Jonah also the account of Israel's
unwillingness to serve, you will find another comparison between Jonah the
man and Israel the nation.

Jonah—after his disobedience—was thrown into the sea,
where he earlier had believed God was not present.

And he was swallowed up whole!

Correspondingly—

Israel—after her disobedience—was carried off into exile in Babylon,
which the Israelites too had previously thought was out of terri-
tory for their God.

Reader II: They both found God
to be very present—
to their great surprise!

Reader I: Yes—
but both found themselves in
exile after they had escaped
God's call.

And, in fact, this too may carry over
to the new Israel . . .

the church! That's us!

For some say the church is in exile.
It's a captive to the American suc-
cess syndrome . . .

you know . . .

the bigger Real Pleasant
Church is . . .

the better it'll be!

Bigness equals success . . . and suc-
cess equals goodness! we say.

Reader II: We're held captive too
by the chains of denominational-
ism . . .

Each of us being more intent on
preserving the unique aspects of
our own heritage—

than we are on hearing and
obeying God's call to crea-
tive mission in this great
age which he has given us!

Reader I: Our churches are en-
slaved to large church buildings—
spending more there, too, than
on mission programs.

And our youth groups become slaves
to just having a good time—

rather than doing some of the
jobs God has for them . . .

But . . . on with the story!

Reader II: Then Jonah prayed . . .
and sang freedom psalms . . .



*If God loves the
Ninevites, what about
the Viet Cong?*



Photo by Ken Thompson

The fish couldn't stomach him any longer—
and with a booming belch he threw him all over the beach.
Then—once again—
the word of the Lord came to Jonah—
telling him to preach at Nineveh—
and **this** time, Jonah did as he was told!

Reader I: Jonah got a second chance!

God gives second chances . . .

That is good news for us!

The Real Pleasant Church Youth Fellowship may get a further call to serve
God—and maybe next time they'll go in the right direction!

Reader II: When Jonah finally got to Nineveh,

it took him three days to preach his way across the vast city.

His message?

Repent within 40 days . . . or . . . look out!

(Better places than Nineveh had been destroyed.)

And much to Jonah's great surprise—

the whole city of Nineveh responded to his preaching.

From the king on down to the garbage man,

the people repented . . . **changed**, out of fear

from their wicked ways to the ways of the Lord.

But when Jonah saw the Ninevites repent, he got 'teed off."

Yes sir . . .

Jonah was really sore! . . .

and he told God so!

He said to God,

"Huh . . . I knew that you were an old softie!

I knew that you'd take back what you said about destroying
Nineveh—

That's why I wanted to go on vacation instead of coming down here.

This whole mission has been a waste of time!"

and he stuck out his lower lip and pouted—

"I wish I were dead!"

Reader I: Boy . . . how narrow-minded can you get?

Jonah actually didn't want God to save the Ninevites.

He had written them off as scum!

It is revolting for people like Jonah . . .

and the deacons at the Real Pleasant Church . . .

and the Youth Fellowship leaders to think that God really loves
the "white trash down the street . . .

or that high school kid who's so unbearable . . .

or the Red Chinese and the Viet Cong.

Jonah thought he had a corner on God.

Have you ever heard your parents say something like this?

"Why did so and so have to die . . . such a good man . . .

when so many drunks on skid-row can go on living?"

Let's face it—

we think God should give preferential treatment to those of us who are Christians and Americans—

and white. And members of our own particular denomination.

Reader II: But let's get back to Jonah . . .

He hiked out of town a small way— and sat down in a little clearing to watch what would happen.

Then God made a plant spring up behind Jonah—

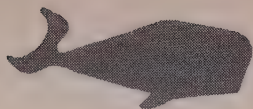
and it proved instant shade, greatly adding to his comfort— and for the moment, Jonah was as happy as a contented cow.

But the next morning—

a worm got up early— and God told the worm to eat the roots of the plant.

Reader I: It's the early worm that gets the word, we always say!

And the plant shriveled up and withered away. ►



If we avoid God's call, do we risk being swallowed up?



Photo by Ed Eckstein

Reader II: And when the sun came up—
Jonah worked up a sweat just sitting there.
Then, when he was all wet, the wind began to blow,
and he alternated between heat flashes and cold chills—
and the dry dust stuck to his sweaty skin—
and he got light-headed—
and like a sea-sick landlubber he blurted out—
"Oh God . . . I wish I could die!"

Then God said to Jonah,
"You're sick about the plant? . . .
You're angry because it died?"
"You'd better believe it!"—
snapped Jonah . . .
"I'm mad enough to die!"

And God said—
"You know, Jonah . . .
I can't figure you!

Here you are—
all steamed up over a puny plant.
You didn't sow the thing—
or water it—
or cause it to grow.

It simply came . . .
and it went.

You should be concerned over a plant.
Should I not be concerned, then, over people? . . .
over the 120,000 people of Nineveh who were so confused that they
didn't know which end was up?"

Reader I: God loved the people of Nineveh—
God loves the world—
all of it!

Christ died for it.

And we—his mere caretakers—
have not the authority to write off any part of this world as
lost or damned

No matter how unlovely
or unlovable—
or damnable.

Reader II: God gave Jonah his "marching orders"—
and Jonah should have donned a good pair of walking shoes.

Reader I: Too bad he wore track shoes—

and ran off in the wrong direction.

Reader II: He should have worn big hip boots when he went overboard.

Reader I: Is there a pair of loafers handy?

He could have used them under the vine!

Reader II: He would have looked great in red velvet high heels.

They would have gone great with his personality—

considering his elevated attitude toward himself.

Huh—too good for the people of Nineveh.

Reader I: What about you?

Are your boots made for

running away . . .

and loafing . . .

and kicking the "no-goods"?

Or are your boots made for

walking . . .

and working . . .

and witnessing . . .

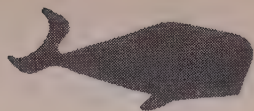
and getting involved . . .

and serving . . .

and caring?

What kind of shoes do you need for what your feet are doing? ▼

This dialogue was first presented at the National Youth Conference of the Church of the Brethren, held at Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., last summer. The authors are Rev. Willard Dulabaum, pastor of Ridgeway Community Church, Harrisburg, Pa., and Rev. Kenneth Miller, pastor of the Carlisle (Pa.) Church of the Brethren.



*But wait!
God gives us all
a second chance!*



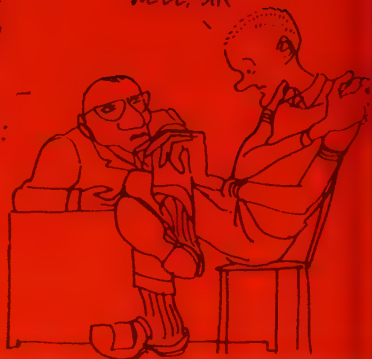
Photo by John Mast

FEIFFER'S FABLES

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1
AS YOUR
ADVISED,
ROGER,
IT'S MY
JOB TO
ASK YOU:
WHAT
DO YOU
WANT
OUT OF
LIFE?

WELL, SIR-



3
AND AFTER A YEAR OR TWO I'D LIKE TO
PICK ONE OF THE GIRLS I'VE BEEN DATING
AND MARRY HER. SHE DOESN'T HAVE TO
BE A KNOCKOUT OR
ANYTHING BUT I'D
LIKE HER TO MAKE
A GOOD APPEAR-
ANCE IN FRONT
OF THE GUYS
WHERE I WORK
AND MY FRIENDS -



5
AND WE'LL LIVE IN THE SAME
NEIGHBORHOOD WITH THE GUYS
I GO TO SCHOOL WITH SO
EVERY ONCE
IN A WHILE
I CAN MEET
THEM SOME-
PLACE AND
HAVE SOME-
BODY TO
TALK TO.

THAT'S
IT, I
GUESS



WHEN I GET OUT OF SCHOOL I'D LIKE
A JOB THAT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE
GREAT OR ANYTHINS AND WITHOUT
TOO MUCH RE-
SPONSIBILITY
THAT I COULD
STAY IN FOR
THE REST
OF MY LIFE.



AND IF SHE CAN KEEP A HOME SO MUCH
THE BETTER. NOT A BIG HOME, MAYBE
ONE OR TWO BEDROOMS, A WORKSHOP
AND A GARAGE. AND A TV AND A
STEREO. AND FOR
MY WIFE A
WASHER AND
A DRYER.
AND A KID.
IF I GET A
PROMOTION.



BUT YOU KNOW ME.
I'M AN IDEALIST.





The Measure of An Educated Man

To truly understand
is to know not only
how things work but
to what purpose

Y. W. PAUL JONES / For well over 2000 years, Socrates' one-word definition of knowledge has been unrivaled—and still unaccepted. *Knowledge is ignorance*. It begins with the persistent and ever restless word, "Why?" At first it's safe—"Why stones?" "Why weather?" Then it makes parents edgy—"Why Republican?" "Why American?" "Why Christian?" Finally, if it is true to itself, it makes society downright angry—"Why slums?" "Why should they sit in the back?"

To know is to know that one doesn't know. / But it means far more—it means as well that one has a deep and healthy skepticism as to what society, church, party, and school think *they* know. Socrates' probings here cost him his life; this was true of another, one whose very presence was a driving question. Jesus permitted nothing to stand untouched, not out of cynicism but out of the clear awareness that most of our problems rest in the tendency of individuals and groups to assume that they have *the* truth, that they *are* the truth. It was he who cast out demons. God alone is God, but all else, time after time, threatens to become idols, even knowledge itself. It is indicative that he who was declared to be the living truth sought with questions.

"Why" Must Be Rightly Placed / But a "knowing-ignorance"—as over against an "ignorant knowledge"—must have its *why* rightly placed. The passion to know is deeper than the reaching for skills or even facts; it is not at all the polite desire to be knowledgeable. So many people today mistake information for knowledge. Science is made the ideal of truth, with its detached, analytic, objective method made the exclusive way of attaining truth. But facts are only tools, means for ends that must be decided in other ways. *Why* drives us not only to facts but to what purpose the facts shall be made to serve. This driving impetus of the *why* can be put in a number of ways: to truly understand is to know not only *how* things work but *why*, to have not only description but interpretation, to seek not only what *is* but what *ought* to be, not only in facts but values, not only truth but meaning.

All of this points the direction knowledge must take—*the path from information to understanding*. We are called not only to acknowledge truth but to appropriate it, to be molded and changed by it. If facts require our objectivity, understanding requires our subjectivity, our intense involvement. We begin with "truth as such" and we must move toward "truth for me." We haven't discovered truth worth living for until we find that for which we are willing to die.

Therefore, the search for truth is intense, for it is the search for life; even at best it's a risk, a gamble. The *why* is not satisfied until it has caused one to ask in all seriousness, "Who am I, and to Whom or to what am I give myself?" "Knowing-ignorance" then drives one to be content with nothing less than knowing oneself in the process of knowing other things. To know is not simply to be informed, but, without arrogance, to know where one stands.

Different Kinds of Questions / To put things this way is to see a further point: There are different *types* or *kinds* of questions. He who asks only one kind knows only one level or dimension or surface of the world. That is, to know all that science has to tell us, or all that it can ever tell us, is still to have answers to only one type of question, the question of quantity, the measurable, of "how." Although our age tends to forget, the great thinkers have insisted that reality is composed of different "spheres"—truth, goodness, beauty. There is no one method for knowing reality. In the eyes of a Rembrandt self-portrait, the rhythm of a Shelley couplet, the melody of a Beethoven Quartette, is "knowledge"—dimensions and meanings of life to be encountered in no other way. Without such exposure a person is anemic, deprived of the qualitative depth, the inner texture, the color as it were of existence.

The third mark of an educated person, then, is *a sensitivity to the richness, the multi-dimensional nature of life*; life is not only complex but it is deep, intense. To know is not only to analyze but to marvel, not only to systematize but to enjoy, not only to be informed but to be ordered morally and to live daily in beauty. Frank Lloyd Wright said it well: "This is a stupid age—it does not know and does not care that it lives in ugliness."

Knowledge Is An Awakening / This leads us to a fourth point. The persistent *why* opens us not only to a plurality of questions and dimensions of the world, but in so doing it opens us to its *ambiguity*. Knowledge is a joyous adventure but it is also a terrible awakening. It means a loss of innocence. No longer can we be justified in settling for easy answers or even for simple posings of the problems. Lovely words like "justice" and "brotherhood" and "peace" will no longer do. But hardest of all, gone forever is the world ruled by "Lone Ranger" morality, the world of the "good guys" against the "bad guys." *Nothing will ever again be either totally black or white*: no cause will ever be totally just, no country truly selfless. This is a world now in which only the uneducated—even if they have degrees—can talk of either/ors like war or peace, victory or defeat, free enterprise or socialism. There will never be any total victory but degrees of containment, no lasting peace but degrees of "hotness" and "coldness," no absolute freedom but degrees and types of coercion. Education is an initiation into a world of compromise, of rival perspectives and of alternative solutions, a world without absolutes, where shades of gray are the predominant colors.

But such ambiguity must not lead to indifference or cynicism, for the educated person knows that however difficult, he *must* act. Where ambiguity leads him, then, is not to superiority, to self-righteousness, but to the humility which comes from confession and forgiveness. "The truth shall make you free," but this is a freedom that few people want, for such truth robs us not only of our innocence but of our cherished stereotypes. Life is relatively easy when all "niggers" smell, all Catholics are superstitious, all Jews are shysters, all Communists are unscrupulous, all social critics are

“pinkos,” all Democrats want to be cared for by the government, all Americans want nothing more than freedom for all. This is prejudice—the life of half-truth. It’s more than ignorance. It’s the way of “ignorant knowledge,” or ignorance that we *want* to keep, that we desperately clutch on to and passionately perpetuate even when in other areas we might be brilliant.

To be truly educated, then, is to be aware that ignorance is not our chief problem and education is not a cure-all. Our condition here is one that no other word describes as well as the word *sin*. The foe of education is really the self so intent on itself that it sees not *the* world but *its* world—the world of half-truth, strained, contorted and colored by insecurities, fears and desires, by self-deception and social-defensiveness. In the end, then, *a measure of the educated man is the degree to which he has knowledge of his own inner ambiguity, duplicity, and perverting self-regard.*

Reverence for Words / It has often been said that the mark of an educated person is his ability to express himself clearly in words. . . . Yet a mark of our age’s ignorance is its indifference to and its prostitution of words. What the marquees have done to the word *love* is a case in point. But equally frightening is what is happening to the words Americans are to fight for—“freedom,” “equality,” “democracy.” These are common words, great words, but how many who use them can give an intelligent definition? “Grace,” “redemption,” “sanctification”—there are the words Christians use weekly in affirming the meaning of their lives. How many would be utterly embarrassed to explain just one of them? *The truly educated, then, may well be measured not so much by what they know as by how well they know when they do not know.*

It follows that today especially we’re in need of truly educated persons. . . . We’re part of a world in the grip of fantastic change. Our concrete problems are not so much concerned with getting what we don’t have as it is with what to do with what we do have—overproduction, automation, increased leisure, technology, pluralism—while much of the world suffers from the opposite. We are quickly mastering the tools, but in the progress we seem to be losing a sense for the “why” and the “for what.” Never has man had such power—from that of changing totally the face of the planet to changing utterly with hormones the personalities of individuals. Yet rarely has man been so confused by his powers. And there is reason to believe that the confusion will grow, as long as education is identified with specialization, with technique, with vocational training—with information.

At stake today is no less than the problem of *meaning*. *We are left helpless, both as individuals and as a society, until we have defined man as a whole.* Is he the chance product of a random universe, or is he created in the image of the concerned God who structures all time and space? However he may answer, the educated man must see clearly that there is no escaping this most basic of all questions, for from its answers must come the ends that give significance to our quickly growing means. ▼

M. PAUL JONES / Dr. Jones is professor of philosophical theology at St. Paul School of Theology (Methodist). The above article is reprinted by permission from *Classmate*, monthly magazine for youth of the Methodist Church. (Copyright 1966 by Graded Press)

watch for these TV specials . . .

Hall of Kings / ABC

James Mason hosts documentary on Westminster Abbey, with Siobhan McKenna, Lynn Redgrave, and Emlyn Williams. Feb. 14 (10-11 p. m.). Repeated April 9 (4-5 p. m.).

**N. Y. Philharmonic
Young People's
Concerts with Leonard Bernstein / CBS**

Charles Ives' "Symphony: Holidays," Feb. 23; "Alumni Reunion," April 19 (7:30-8:30 p. m.).

**International Jazz
Festival / NBC**
Bell Telephone House
Feb. 26 (6:30-7:30 p. m.).

Ivan Ivanovich

Documentary on an average Russian family. March 6 (10-11 p. m.) Repeated March 14 (4-5 p. m.).

"If I had only known in advance about that TV program," you've probably said to yourself. Television has its high moments of culture, entertainment, and education. You can make the most of these events by planning ahead. In the months ahead the networks will be interrupting their regular programming with many special features. To help you plan your viewing, here is a partial list of noteworthy programs. Be sure to check your local listings for the many programs—particularly those dealing with current events—that cannot be announced in advance; for some listings on these pages, details are tentative.

Trilogy: The American Boy / ABC

Three short films depicting American boyhood. March 9 (11 p. m.).

End of the Trail / NBC

Project 20. Story of the last days of glory of the American Indian. March 16 (7:30-8:30 p. m.).

**Ringling Brothers
Barnum & Bailey
Circus / NBC**

"The Greatest Show on Earth" in actual performance. March 16 (8:30-9:30 p. m.).

**100 Years of
Laughter / ABC**
The history of Negro
humor. March 16
(10-11 p. m.)

**The Law and the
Prophets / NBC**

Project 20 tells the
story of the Old
Testament. April 23
(10-11 p. m.)

**The Pursuit of
Pleasure / NBC**
An examination of the
"new" American
morality. April 5
(10-11 p. m.).

**Soldier in Love /
NBC**

Hallmark Hall of
Fame. Jean Simmons
stars in an original
drama. April 26
(7:30-9 p. m.).

**The 1967 National
Drivers Test / CBS**

Audience involvement
broadcast for motorists
testing their driving
capabilities and
knowledge. May 23
(10-11 p. m.).

**Portrait of Willie
Mays / ABC**
A story of the baseball
player. April 7 (10-11
p. m.).

**The State of Space
/ NBC**

An examination of our
space program, where
we are, where we are
going. April 30
(6:30-7:30 p. m.)

**The American
Image / NBC**

America as seen
through the eyes of
artists from colonial
days to the present.
May 26
(10-11 p. m.)

Academy Awards
Hollywood's annual
Oscar awards. April
10 (10 p. m. to
conclusion)

**A Funny Thing
Happened on the
Way to Hollywood
/ NBC**

Jack Paar explores
Hollywood humor.
May 14 (10-11 p. m.).

**The Diary of Anne
Frank / ABC**

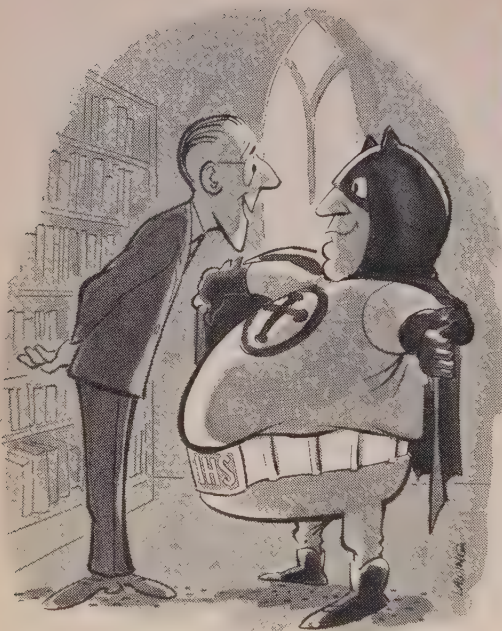
To be announced.

**Mark Twain Tonight
/ CBS**

To be announced.

**Africa Project /
ABC**

An evening-long docu-
mentary on the Afri-
can continent covering
aspects of Africa,
the land and its
people. April 16
(7:30-11 p. m.)



"It may swing with the young people but I doubt if it will do much for the bishop."

CREATIVITY

I believe that YOUTH magazine is the most creative, sensitive, and best periodical for the young adult in high school that I have seen to date. Please keep up the standards and vision!

—D. D./Columbus, Ohio

As an "old" reader of your magazine, I want to send highest praise for the issue of January. When I saw the hole, I wondered how it got damaged, but when I opened it—a joyful surprise. The content and pictures are so meaningful. Highest praise, keep up the creative flow, because it is so rare in these days.

—R. C./Corning, N. Y.

PROFANITY

Recently we were very much shocked to read the profanity on page eight of the Dec. 4, 1966, edition of YOUTH magazine.

Our young people are exposed to so much that is vulgar and blasphemous, why do our church leaders print this trash in our periodicals? Our youth of today will be our church leaders of tomorrow. Why not challenge them with the better things of life, help them to dedicate their lives to the Lord and make the world better than they found it?

—J. B./Shippensburg, Pa.

BANALITY

Two pieces in the Christmas issue struck me as being terribly inadequate and terribly poor. I mean Mr. Morgan's article and the Litany of Thanks.

Mr. Morgan's article reflects the propensity of so many of us ministers to offer a course in theology in one sermon or one article. One article which tries to sum up the whole faith in a few pages, in the most current theological clichés must become obscure and confusing.

The Litany presents another prob-

em. It becomes an Ode to Acquisition rather than a song of praise. It is unbelievably trite—and to use an outdated word: corny. The reasoning behind it is clear—and valid: we must celebrate *all* things—but to speak of “salted cashew nuts” and “wooly kneesocks” is unbearably banal. What of those who don’t live in a “community that values education” or if it does, can’t get good education anyway? Perhaps my taste and opinions are not those of American young people, but most friends I knew and know would be offended by such a piece. Its gross sentimentality and “goody-goody-ness” are certainly the reason why so many intelligent and capable kids won’t go near church groups.

There are so many good things about YOUTH magazine that these two articles seem to fall short of the standards you set.

—J. M./Athens, Greece

JOY
I have just been placed as an AFS exchange student in Argentina. I will be living with a wonderful Jewish family, and anticipate an experience wonderful in every way, but will appreciate YOUTH not only as a tie to my American life, but because much of my worship will necessarily be individual. I’d like to take this chance to say again that YOUTH has been a continual joy to me—and thank you, knowing that they have helped in giving me the understandings and appreciations that made my AFS selection possible! (And my relation to God alone which will augment this opportunity.)

—P. F./St. Paul, Minn.

We're late, we're late

**we've missed our deadline
date**

**We've had no time to say,
"Hello" "Goodbye!"**

**we're late, we're late,
we're late . . .**

We've overdue

**we hope you won't be blue;
And we will work both night and day
To get on time and stay that way,**

**So from us at YOUTH to all of you
Apologies are what is due
We want you to know
that we, too, rue**

We're late.

late

late

late

late

late

late







a buffoon called Cy-Clown!

A STORY BY EVELYN WITTER/Cyrus Tunley hated the thought of the principal's office. Just the same, he jerked his 150-pound, five-foot, 11-inches stiffly upright, turned the brass doorknob and walked in.

Miss Petersen, the principal, was scribbling on a paper on her desk.

Then, mechanically, she looked up.

"Cyrus!" she breathed. "Not again!"

"Yes, ma'am."

Slowly and systematically she surveyed him. "What did you do this time?"

"I tried juggling the erasers when Miss Edelman stepped out of the history class for a few minutes," Cy confessed. ►

"Why?" Miss Petersen asked.

His thoughts turned to the events that had led him to three trips to the principal's office. It had all started at the beginning of the semester when the coach had said: "Sorry, Cy. Just can't use you. You've got the weight and you've got the height, but you haven't got the maneuver-ability. Lot of guys are clumsy when they're growing fast."

So he was clumsy! Cy had tried to shrug off his failure, to show how it didn't hurt him too much. To show how nonchalant he was, he started to joke, to make wise cracks, and to get everyone to laughing by pretending to stumble.

Everyone laughed. He liked to make people laugh. It gave him a deeper sense of being important, of making people happy. But his antics also got him sent to the principal's office, where he collected detentions.

Perhaps that first trip to the office would have been the last one if it hadn't been for the science award. Cy worked hard on his experiments. He studied conscientiously. He was a good student. But, when it came time for the science award during assembly, it was Lavinia Reid who was called to the platform. "Her grade was just two points higher than yours," the instructor had told him. Only two points from success!

Cy remembered mopping his forehead. The disappointment made him feel dizzy, and hot, then cold. But the kids would never know how missing the science award had shattered his equilibrium.

That day he was his jolliest . . . doing cartwheels and back flips in the hall when he thought the absence of instructors gave him the all-clear signal to whoop it up.

That was the second trip to the office. Miss Edelman stepped out of the history room just in time to catch the longest and best executed cartwheel. The kids had stood by and had encouraged him. Everyone had admiration on their faces . . . everyone except Miss Edelman, and later Miss Petersen.

The detentions were heavier this time. And, perhaps, this second trip to the principal's office would have been the last if Aunt Martha hadn't given him such a lecture yesterday.

"Cyrus Tunley," she had said. "What is the matter with you? You're intelligent, good looking, and basically good. But, you won't be worth anything if you don't learn to apply yourself better. You've been shoveling snow for an hour and all you have to show for the time is one little clean patch."

He wanted to tell her that he had been playing with the lonely, little five-year-old next door. But she wouldn't have understood the pleading in the little fellow's eyes, or the joy that came when Cy did his pantomime about trying to get into a pair of trousers. The laughter of the little guy made it all worthwhile.

The injustice of Aunt Martha's scolding still rankled inside this morning. So, when Miss Edelman stepped out of history class for a few minutes, Cy jumped to the blackboard, grabbed the five erasers, and tossing them in the

er, did a fairly good job of juggling. Everyone said he was great! That helped somehow to ease the hurts inside.

Then, Miss Edelman came back into the room and sent him once more to Miss Petersen.

"Why?" Miss Petersen had asked.

Cy tried to answer her now. "I like to make people happy . . . to make them laugh," he said honestly.

"Is anything bothering you?" she asked as if she were probing for some deeper reasons for his buffoonery.

"Not that I'm aware of," Cy replied. Even if he knew himself, she wouldn't understand.

"Well," said Miss Petersen slowly and thoughtfully. "Detentions don't seem to have squelched your impulses to perform at the slightest provocation. If it is a buffoon you want to be, a buffoon you will be."

"What . . . what do you mean, Miss Petersen?"

There was a contemplative smile on her face, "I have a clown suit left over from one of the plays we gave several years ago and I'm going to let you wear it. At the basketball game next Friday night, I want you to appear with the cheerleaders."

"But what do you want me to do?" Cy looked sharply at the principal.

"I want you to do what it seems apparent you must do . . . be a wearer of the cap and bells," she said.

"Cap and bells?" Cy dabbed the perspiration from his head. A FOOL? A JESTER? IS THAT WHAT HE MUST BE?

"Cyrus," Miss Petersen began firmly, "you have been reported to me for three different offenses. Normally, this would be serious enough for me to consider extreme disciplinary action. If you want to be a clown, here's your opportunity. But if you want to be a troublemaker, then you leave me no choice but to treat you as a troublemaker." With that declaration Miss Petersen dismissed him by going back to her pencil work.

Cy suddenly realized that he would be humiliated in front of some 400 spectators at the game. Exposed as a silly jester! His choice was to be exposed or maybe even to be expelled. Neither choice was good. He thought about the grief his folks would feel at his possible expulsion; he thought about missing science class, he thought about the ever-incriminating notation on his school record. He made his way to the wardrobe room to pick up the clown suit.

On Friday night Cy came to school early. Miss Edelman told him she'd have to make him up. The wardrobe room was empty so no one saw the tears in the corner of his eyes as he climbed into the red and yellow outfit with huge ruffles at the ankles, wrists and neck. Miss Edelman came in.

"This will only take a minute, Cy," she said pleasantly enough, opening a brown leather case. "Sit down here."

He sat down. Lifting his face, he stared at the ceiling while she dabbed, rubbed, pushed, and manipulated his face.

"There," she said finally. "All done. Want to look in the mirror?"

"No," Cy said, and ambled out of the room toward the gym.

As he entered the gym, from the corner of his eye, he saw that he was making an impression. He took his place with the cheerleaders and tuned his ears for comments that were coming from the spectators.

"That's Cy Tunley. He's a cyclone in a pin-wheel or a back flip . . . Hey, Cy-clone Cy-Clown. Get it? Ya!"

The whistle blew, the centers jumped, the game was under way. Cy pretended to watch, but his mind was rolling with his predicament. What would he do when he got out there? Would everyone think him a complete idiot?

The first quarter was over. The players trotted from the floor. From the far side of the gym the school band blared the school song.

"Go on out there!" Lavinia Reid, cheerleader captain, prodded him in his ribs. Cy complied as if by automation. Automatically he did a few flips. He cartwheeled. There was slight applause.

Then he caught a glimpse of Aunt Martha's five-year-old neighbor Buddy, sitting in the third row, his eyes fastened on Cy in a way that only a fascinated five-year-old can fasten them.

Suddenly, Cy forgot the audience. He saw only Buddy. He immediately went into the pantomime about a guy's clumsy attempt to put on trousers . . . a situation he knew Buddy was familiar with. He kept his eyes on Buddy and was satisfied when the little boy doubled up with laughter. He was slightly aware that there were ripples of laughter from the crowd too. This would be fun if it were not considered punishment.

The second quarter seemed to go fast. It was his turn again. The cheerleaders came out on the floor with him this time. With as much flourish as he could achieve, he got the megaphones away from them. He started juggling them while the confused girls did their best to try to retrieve them. Over the public-address system the announcer was re-reading the line-up, but the cheers of the crowd drowned out the voice of the announcer. They were cheering for the buffoon.

Between the third and fourth quarters, when he and the cheerleaders took the floor again: "Atta way, Cy-Clown . . . do your stuff!" Cy dug his knuckles into his thighs. **WEARER OF THE CAP AND BELLS**, he thought, swallowing the lump in his throat. Cy lunged forward like a clumsy, dumb, unbalanced goof. He tripped and fell, tumbled and stumbled, turned and whirled, weaved and swayed, did push-ups and other calisthenics. At this point he forgot his hurt pride because he heard spontaneous laughter . . . good, hearty laughter.

This should be fun if it had not been intended for punishment. Or was it punishment?

As the fourth quarter got under way, Cy knifed his way through the fringe of standing spectators, and strode to the wardrobe room. As he opened the door, he felt a friendly blow between the shoulder blades.

"I'm from the Daily Record," said the sand-haired man. "Like to get a picture of you. Plan to do a feature on Cy-Clown. That was a real performance you gave out there."

"Thanks," Cy said dazedly as the flash bulb flashed.

He turned toward the door once more when the coach called to him from down the corridor: "Hey, Cy! What's the big hurry?"

"Hi, coach," Cy greeted the big man wonderingly.

"That was some fancy foot work and juggling you did out there. Ever think of coming out for basketball?"

"No," replied Cy. "Just football."

"Maybe you can qualify for that, too, next fall. If I could get you to transfer your clown maneuverability to sports . . . Well, think about basketball, will you, Cy?"

"Yes, sir," Cy's voice lifted with the vibration of his excitement.

Miss Edelman was waiting for him in the wardrobe room. She greeted him with an intimacy completely foreign to her crisp manner.

"You have a wonderful talent, Cy," she said warmly. "You're a pantomime artist! That's what you are!"

"May I come in?" a voice interrupted. It was Miss Petersen. "We want you to put on the clown suit often, Cyrus," the principal said, smiling as she approached him. "You had that crowd right in the palm of your hand! It was wonderful . . . the joy and pleasure you gave that audience tonight! Next time you wear the suit, you'll enjoy it."

"Thanks!" Cy said, feeling uncertain and embarrassed and happy all at the same time. "I'd like to."

This was no punishment; this was a privilege!

Somehow, as the two women left the room, Cy wondered if they knew a lot more about the Cy-chology of Cy-Clown than he'd given them credit for.



Collage" by Linda Murphy, 18, Wallingford, Pa.





*... if you have anything to say,
here's a chance to say it!*

Once a year YOUTH magazine invites you to submit for judging your own creative writing, art work, photography, and sculpture. The best in teen-age creative expression is then selected and published in the annual Creative Arts Award issue of YOUTH magazine in August.

To enter YOUTH's 1967 competition, you must be younger than 20 years of age. And each entry must be your own original work and it ought to be your best. Since entrance is *not* limited to membership in any one religious group, tell all your artistic friends about this opportunity for creative competition.

Each contribution which you submit must be identified with the title of the work, your name, your age, your home street address, city, and state, and your local church affiliation. Each individual may submit up to five entries. All contributions must be in the mails *by no later than May 1, 1967*. Twenty-five dollars will be sent to each young person whose piece of creative work is reproduced in YOUTH magazine in August 1967.

CREATIVE WRITING/We welcome any type of creative writing you wish to submit—poetry, fiction, essay, editorial, humor, satire, true-to-life story, drama, whatever *you* feel like writing.

ART WORK/You may submit any type of art work that can be produced in YOUTH magazine. This includes paintings, sketches, mosaics, prints, gags or editorial cartoons, fancy doodling, story illustrations, graphic designs, or abstract art—any art expression of your own ideas or feelings. Due to mailing limitations, the size of the art work should not be larger than 12" x 15".

PHOTOS/Send us a black and white print of the photo you wish to submit. There are no limitations on subject matter. The print should not be larger than 12" x 15" nor smaller than 4" x 5" in size. Place your name and address on the back of each photo.

CULPTURE/If you've done a sculpture, mobile, paper folding or wood carving, which you'd like to submit, send us one photo or snapshot, or a group of snapshots which best present all the dimensions of your work.

Send your original piece of creative expression to CREATIVE ARTS AWARDS, YOUTH magazine, Room 800, 1505 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. After the judging is completed, all entries will be returned.

A MAN FOR ALL



ASONS



"I believe, when statesmen forsake their own private conscience for the sake of their public duties they lead their country by a short route to chaos."—SIR THOMAS MORE

BY JOAN HEMENWAY / In these tumultuous years of pickets, protest and propaganda, it is both heartening and inspiring to view the film, "A Man for All Seasons." Adapted from the London and Broadway productions of Robert Bolt's play (circa 1960), the film depicts the last six years of the tragic-heroic life of Sir Thomas More. With sweeping camera technique and graphic color, the wildly rambunctuous reign of King Henry VIII is adeptly contrasted with the moral-personal struggle of his most learned and devoted deputy and friend, Sir Thomas. This is not a "nice" story; nor can we draw easy conclusions from it. As Thomas struggles, so do we. And if we leave the theatre thinking we are a little bit better for the experience, our thoughts are of necessity tempered by the realization that most of the time most of us—unlike More—see through a glass only darkly and seldom face-to-face.

Of major importance to an appreciation and understanding of the film is some knowledge of the historical situation. It is the early 16th century: Luther has just nailed his 95 theses on the door of the castle church at Wittenberg; Calvin has yet to begin work on *The Institutes of the Christian Religion*—that systematization

of reformation theology which was to influence history as much as Luther's hammer; the new world discovery was barely half a century old; the Italian Renaissance had illuminated minds throughout Europe; man was awakening from his medieval slumber in feudalism, famine and fear to a new sense of his own worth.

In merry England, King Henry has married Catherine of Aragon, after special dispensation from the Pope because Catherine was Henry's late brother's wife. The king's immediate concerns are two: the Queen gives him only stillborn sons, and, by odd coincidence, he has fallen madly in love with young and beautiful (and hopefully fertile) Ann Boleyn. Quite naturally, Henry wishes a divorce. However, England is a Catholic nation, and such action, even at the request of a king, is highly improbable. One dispensation, yes. But two!

The situation has been brewing for some time when Henry decides to dismiss the Archbishop of Canterbury—cranky and compromising Cardinal Wolsey. Henry's one hope is to put a man into this highest office of the Roman Catholic Church in England who will approve the proposed remarriage. (The right of the king to appoint the English archbishop involved a fascinating study of the struggles for power between Popes and kings throughout the Middle Ages.) So Henry turns to Sir Thomas More—noble man, statesman, lawyer, scholar, a person of high repute throughout England, known for his honesty and integrity in an age of free-lance scandal and corruption. Henry is proud that he, a man of lavish tastes and boyish desires, is a friend of More. And he is pleased and gratified when More accepts the most-esteemed position, next to royalty itself, in the land. The stage is now set.

Obviously Henry expects More to approve: the dynasty needs a male heir to insure the stability of England; and Henry needs More's support both as powerful archbishop against Rome and as instrumental in winning the people over to acceptance of their king's impetuous love life and questionable moral scruples. Aside from a few seemingly out-worn ecclesiastical customs, there seems to be no reason to delay official consummation of the affair. However, for better or for worse, Sir Thomas is a man who takes himself with utmost seriousness. As church leader and man of faith, he cannot approve of Henry's whims. The tragic consequences have both a useless and an inevitable air about them: the divesting of More from his office, separation from his family, imprisonment in the infamous Tower, farcical trial, and finally More's execution by guillotine.

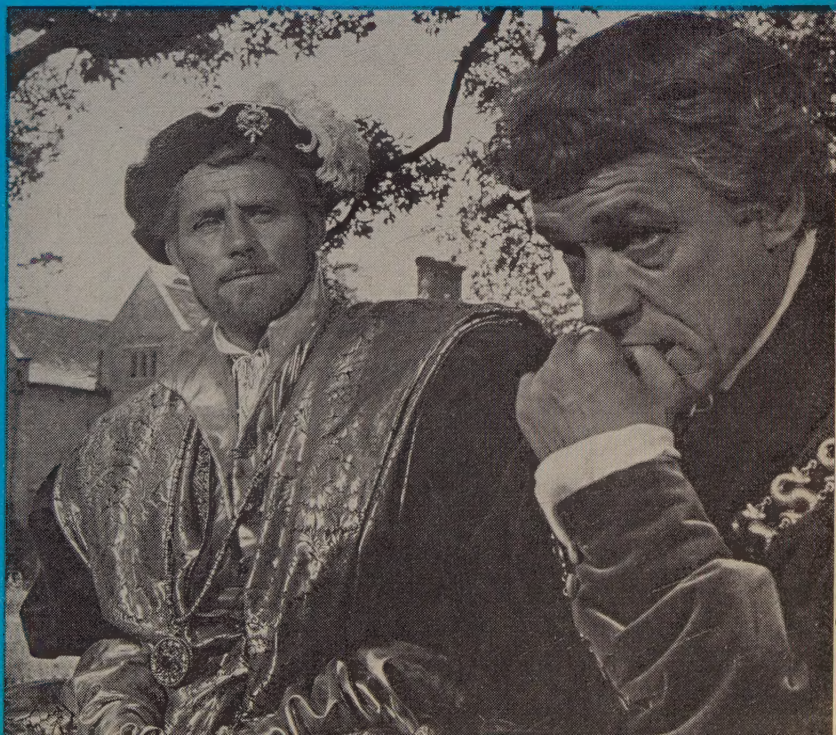
In 1534 an Act of Parliament declared King Henry "supreme head of the church." All dissenters (or those who remained silent on the matter as More did), were heretics. Thus was More's life ended and for political, social and romantic reasons the religious reformation in England was launched.

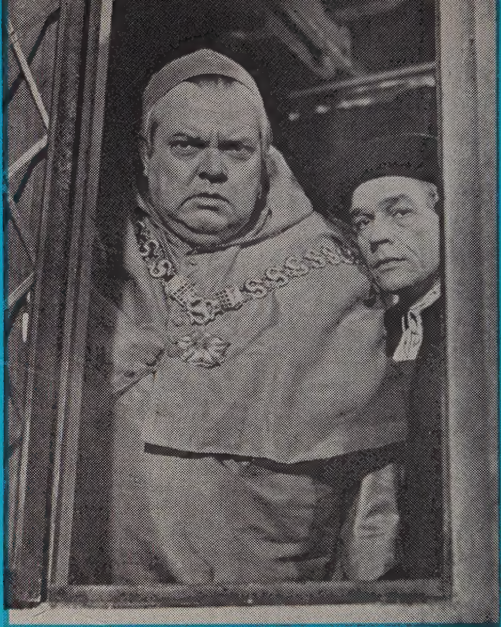
Did More die a martyr's death out of pure stubbornness? a longing for glory? religious principles? personal pride? The nub of the matter in both



When his love for his family could not sway Sir Thomas More from his decision.

His friendship and loyalty to the king made his struggle much more difficult.





Cardinal Wolsey tries to persuade Sir Thomas More to influence the Pope in his favor.

For his silence in the face of the king's defiance of the Pope, More was imprisoned.

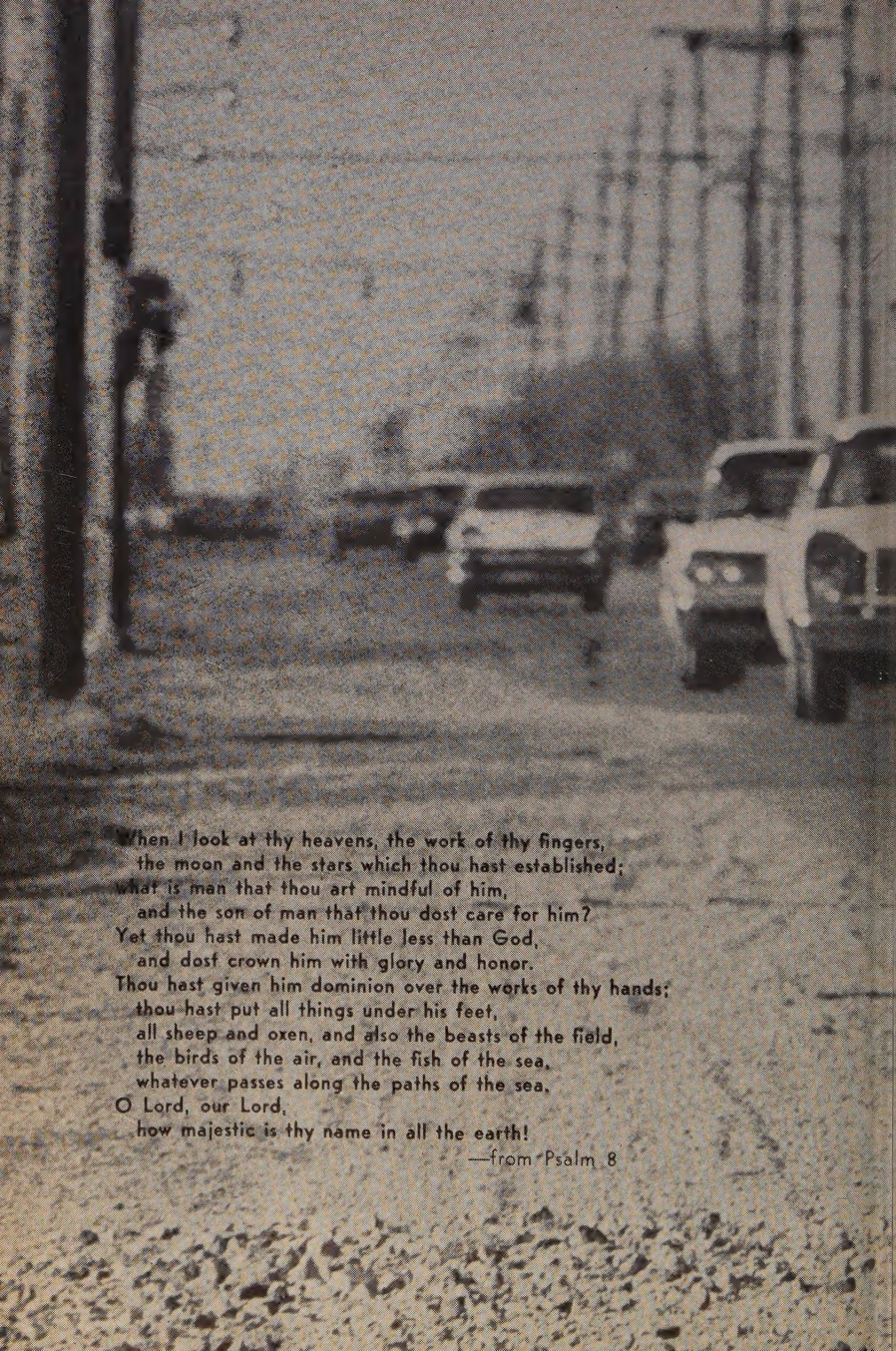


the historical record and this dramatic presentation zeroes in on the meaning of personal integrity. Sir Thomas More knew what he believed and found himself able (but not without some surprise) to stand up for it all at the costs. Significantly, Sir Thomas never imposed his view on anyone else, neither his wife nor his closest friends who could not share the absolute nature of his position.

Basically, More believed an attack on church doctrine was an attack against God: no political Act of Parliament could alter the spiritual power of the Pope. Whether More might have considered any specifics of the ecclesiastical tradition to be outmoded or outrageous, we shall never know. In his silence on this matter, his loyalty to self and soul, faith and church, shines across the ages: "... what matters to me is not whether it's true or not but that I believe it to be true, or rather not that I *believe* it, but that I *believe* it." Stubborn? Perhaps. Religious principles? Yes. Personal courage? Beyond a doubt. But not empty reasoning nor unexamined conscience: "I will not give in, because I oppose it—I do—not my pride, nor my spleen, nor any other of my appetites, but *I* do—I."

It is not easy to adapt a play to the screen. In general, this attempt is completely successful. Although a little wordy at times, the dialogue is rich and pungent and the action lies implicit within the characters. The casting of Paul Scofield as Sir Thomas should vie with all contenders for an Academy Award. The work of Robert Shaw as King Henry VIII is superb, combining just the right amount of royal flamboyance with youthful impulsiveness. The relationship of More to his wife Alice (Wendy Hiller), his daughter Margaret (Susannah York), his son-in-law, William Roper (Corin Redgrave), and his young scheming admirer Rich (John Hurt), adds deep dimensions of warmth, poignancy and sadness to the greatness of the man. Archbishop Wolsey and later Cranmer, plus the Duke of Norfolk and others, pin down in specific personages the splendour, grandeur, corruption, self-interest and patriotism of early 16th century in England.

The one missing element from the original play not in the film is the character of the Common Man—a sort of narrator, sometime participant, mute commentator on the action. In the play this character is the base from which Sir Thomas springs to greatness. The narrator announces at the start of the play that "The 16th Century is the Century of the Common Man. Like all other centuries." That is his proposition, as he says. And in the end, after Sir Thomas More's head rolls off the guillotine amidst crashing kettle drums and ultimate darkness, the Common Man emerges from the shadows for a final word: "I'm breathing. Are you breathing, too? It's nice, isn't it? It isn't difficult to keep alive friends—just don't *make* trouble—or if you must, make the sort of trouble that's expected. Well, I don't need to tell you that. Good night friends. If we should bump into another, recognize me." ▼

A grainy, black and white photograph of a street scene. In the foreground, a utility pole stands on the left. In the background, several cars are visible on a road, with more utility poles lining the street. The image has a high-contrast, textured appearance.

When I look at thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars which thou hast established;
what is man that thou art mindful of him,
and the son of man that thou dost care for him?
Yet thou hast made him little less than God,
and dost crown him with glory and honor.
Thou hast given him dominion over the works of thy hands;
thou hast put all things under his feet,
all sheep and oxen, and also the beasts of the field,
the birds of the air, and the fish of the sea,
whatever passes along the paths of the sea,
O Lord, our Lord,
how majestic is thy name in all the earth!

—from Psalm 8